

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1883.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 142

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — — — Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, — — — Business Manager

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,
— — —
\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

Please don't send stamps in payment of sub-
scription, except to make change, and then of de-
nominations not over three cents.

E. Polk Johnson's Candidacy.

I met E. Polk Johnson very pleasantly during my stay in Louisville, and regard him as the strongest of the five candidates announced for the Lieutenant Governorship. He is now connected with the editorial staff of the *Courier-Journal*, and is very popular with all who know him. Col. Johnson began the practice of law in 1869, and was elected to represent Jefferson county in the Legislatures of 1871, '72 and '73, when only twenty-five years of age. He served on the Committees on Federal Relation, Codes of Practice and Circuit Courts, a greater part of his term as Chairman of the latter. At the end of his term he declined a re-election to engage in newspaper work, which profession he has followed ever since, filling various responsible positions in connection with the Louisville press. He served as alternate elector for the Fifth district on the Presidential ticket in 1872, and as an alternate elector for the State at large on the ticket of 1880, speaking at numerous points in the State. He was elected Assistant Clerk of the Kentucky House of Representatives in 1877, and has been re-elected every term since. Colonel Johnson is a man of fine address, and thoroughly qualified for the office of Lieutenant Governor. During the session of 1879-80 the intelligent Speaker who introduced Parnell to the House as "Cornell," so invariably referred parliamentary questions to the Assistant Clerk that Col. Johnson was always called Assistant Speaker. He has a broad platform that should meet the approval of all true Democrats. He said to me: "I have no claims for the office above any other Democrat. I am a Democrat from principle and not for rewards or spoils. I am opposed to filing my war record. I said so in my canvass for the Legislature in 1871, and I say so now. I have an honest ambition to be elected Lieutenant Governor, and if elected would endeavor to equal the demands of the position. I have been, and am, a Democrat because I believe the principles of the party to be nearest in accord with the spirit of the Constitution. I am opposed to class legislation and class nominations; if a man is incompetent, it does not matter how many battles he has fought, or what calling he represents, he should not be chosen." — [Covington Cor. Cin. News.]

True Gentlemen.

"I beg your pardon!" and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmon handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand: "Hope I did not hurt you? We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" said his companion, Charlie Gray. "He is only Old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets instead of sitting in a counting-house."

Which was right?

The sick man's face became suddenly illuminated with heavenly radiance; an unwatched light beamed from his eyes and he moved his lips as if he would speak. His tearful wife bent down her ear to hear the last words that should pass those lips which were so soon to be stilled forever. In a faint whisper, but yet full of joy and peace and hope, the dying man murmured: "I die happy; I shall escape the house-cleaning!" Then all was still. His spirit had fled.

Striped hose for ladies are *passé*. Solid colors are now considered the fashion. The newest shades are tan Bordeaux, moie, Havana brown, sapphire blue, terra cotta, crushed strawberry and mystic green.

A Venerable Congressman's Giddy Young Wife.

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* tell the story of a venerable ex-member of Congress from Pennsylvania, who has been married twice, and has for his second wife a lively young lady who is extremely fond of social gaieties. Not long ago, says the correspondent, she made an engagement to accompany a young naval officer to one of the fashionable balls and told her husband she was going, but neglecting to say she had secured an escort. He appeared to be pleased, and said that he would accompany her. This was more than she had bargained for, and she resorted to various expedients to get him to stay at home. The more reasons she gave the more he was determined to go. Things were getting desperate when a bright idea struck her. She took the old gentleman's false teeth and hid them, and when the evening came he was still without those necessary adjuncts to mastication. He wondered and raved, and raved and wondered, but it was no use—he couldn't find them, and finally was obliged to remain at home, while his wife tripped gayly to her carriage and spent a most delightful evening. — [N. Y. World.]

Two Enterprises.

"So you would marry Ethel?" demanded the father, as he wheeled around to face the trembling lover.

"Yes sir."

"And you have money in bank—real estate—bonds—stocks, say \$75,000 worth?"

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"Y—yes sir."

"I have an enterprise on hand a well. Ethel will marry a Buffalo widower this spring. He is consumptive. He will live two years. He will leave her \$200,000. Go hence! Go to Europe for three years. That will kill him; bury him, and give her a year to wear weeds and get over her grief? Then she's yours, cash and all, and I'll put my hand on your head and bless you!"

When the young man left the house he didn't seem to believe it.—[Wall Street News.]

Kate Field's Idea of a Dude.

"Take a strip of something that, for the sake of convenience, we will call a man—which, by the way, is a gross libel on man. Around its neck place a tight collar, enshrouded with a hideous scarf and breastpin. Put upon it a silk hat and a cut-away coat. Clothe its lower extremities with pants wherein calves were never meant to grow. In its hand a cane, and on its feet boots that creak at every step in limping measure. Place a cigarette in its mouth; teach it a brief vocabulary of adverbs and adjectives commencing with 'immensely clever' and finishing with 'see you later, you know,' and in my humble opinion you obtain a fair conception of the brains and capacity of the American dude. But let us change the subject—it is not enlightening."

THE TRUE POLICY.—The last democratic convention that met in North Carolina adopted the following resolution on the tariff:

"Resolved, That we are in favor of the entire and immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, with its attendant corruptions, and that we denounce the (late) tariff law as grossly unequal, unjust and vicious. We favor such a revision of the tariff as will produce a revenue sufficient for the economical support of the government, with such incidental protection as will give to domestic manufactures a fair competition with those of foreign production. There should be an immediate repeal of all laws imposing a direct tax for the support of the government of the United States."

Tennessee's late Legislature was of

that peculiar constitutional tempera-
ment fitted for straining at the little
black gnat and swallowing Barnum's
two-humped camel. It properly
passed a law making gambling a felony,
and suppressing the sale of the
Police Gazette, and then proceeded to
settle part of its State debt by paying
fifty cents on the dollar." — [Wall Street News.]

Mattie Baker, Louisville, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has given me complete relief from dyspepsia and general depression."

George L. Hoey, Louisville, says:

"I used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it gave me almost immediate and great relief from dyspepsia."

Leatheroid.

Leatheroid is a new article which is being made of paper. It consists of a number of thicknesses of cotton paper wound one upon another over a cylinder. The remarkable qualities of strength and adhesion it possesses are derived from a chemical bath through which the paper is drawn on its way to the cylinder. The effect of the chemical bath on the paper is said to be wonderful. Leatheroid, for the purposes it now serves, consists of about twenty thicknesses of paper; it is shaped upon or around molds, while wet, into the form it is to represent, and will hold that form perpetually when dry. When dried it is as difficult as rawhide to cut with a knife. Cans made from this material are about one-fourth the weight of tin cans of equal size; while tin cans are liable to get bent, cans made from leatheroid are entirely free from this objection. They have the elasticity of thin steel and no amount of kicking and handling will break them. — [Boston Journal of Chemistry.]

That was a supreme moment for several doctors the other night at a Washington theatre, when Catherine Lewis fainted on the stage and an attendant requested a physician, if there was one in the house, to come back and attend to the interesting Kate. It is anything that makes the breast of an average M. D. swell, and puts alacrity in his limbs, it is to be in a public assemblage when a doctor is called for. Of course, the occasion is more intensely relished when a particular individual is requested. It is still a flourishing custom in smaller towns for ambitious medical gentlemen to attend the most fashionable church and be called out in the middle of the sermon in accordance with a prearranged plan; but where this coveted distinction can not be obtained, the privilege of responding to a general call for a doctor is one never to be thrown away.

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man!"

"How?"

"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."

"No sir; but I can work up. I am bound to win, sir."

An Indian Hero.

Superstition settled many questions of war and tribal policy. A band of Indians emigrated in a body from the Minisink region, to avoid a malign genius of the place. A party of Senecas chased a young Catawba warrior for five miles. He succeeded in killing seven of them before they captured him. The next day, when he was led out to the torture, he escaped by a sudden dash, leaped into the river amid a shower of bullets, and swam under water like an otter, only rising to take breath. On the opposite bank he made insulting gestures at his enemies, and fled away. Of those who pursued him, he slew a party of five while they slept, mangled and scalped them, and then returning in the night, dug up and scalped the seven whom he had slain at first. A solemn council of his foes decided that he must be a wizard, and that pursuit would therefore be useless. — [Dr. Edward Egleston, in May Century.]

Barnes, the Kentucky mountain evangelist, is in London seeing the sights and doing the city before he begins preaching to the people. He says nearly all the people he has seen have been very ill.

The physicians here

are very ill.

The physicians here

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 27, 1883

W. P. WALTON, - - - - - EDITOR

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR REPRESENTATIVE,

JUDGE THOMAS P. HILL, JR.

ELSEWHERE will be found some press comments on the attempt of certain individuals in Jessamine county and elsewhere to undermine and oust Col. A. M. Swope, whose standing with the President and popularity with the people, has aroused the jealousies of those who would prevent his inevitable nomination for Governor.

We love to see the republican brethren failing to dwell in unity, but fair play to a deserving and capable countryman leads us to condemn in the severest terms the underhanded tricks of his opponents.

The New York Sun, whose editor is supposed to be in the confidence of Hon. Sam'l J. Tilden, reports his physical vigor in such a condition as to again make him a presidential probability in 1884. On the other hand Hon. Phil B. Thompson, who has just returned from New York, says that "the friends of Mr. Tilden in New York are not interested in the outside talk in the country in advocacy of that gentleman for the Presidency, nor has Mr. Tilden any aspirations, whatever, for the democratic nomination."

The further the Tewksbury (Mass.) Asylum investigation goes the more horrible are the revelations. The patients were subjected to all kinds of tortures and the story reads more like the doings of the barbarous age than present occurrences in the enlightened and literary Massachusetts. The bodies of the dead were skinned and the skins made into leather for binding books, &c. Gov. Butler is doing a noble work in bringing all the facts to light.

A gentleman from an iron manufacturing community, and a man of intelligence, was on a visit to Eastern Kentucky a short time since investigating its resources and the facilities for converting its iron ore into pig iron. He says that pig iron can be made in Eastern Kentucky for prices ranging from ten to thirteen dollars per ton and of the very best quality. Cost of its production in Pennsylvania is from \$16 to \$20 per ton.

The Cincinnati Enquirer not entirely frozen up by the unseasonable weather, breaks forth: "Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers have again lost their sweetness to the Esquimaux living in this region of everlasting snow. And it is a solemn fact, too, that the fields strive in vain to look gay, while we know of no one who is likely to dispute the statement that December's as pleasant as May."

The Georgetown Times truthfully remarks: Gen. Buckner, candidate for Governor, was a Confederate soldier. Should he receive the nomination every republican paper in the State will set up a howling. Judge Owsley, a candidate for the same office, was a soldier in the Federal army. Should he be nominated every democratic paper in the State will give him a cordial support.

CONNECTICUT is about to take a step in the right direction and establish a board of pardons. It is to consist of the Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court and four members of the Legislature. It will require the unanimous vote of the board to pardon. Kentucky ought to have such a law and not allow an old imbecile to set the judgments of the Courts at naught.

SO MANY wills are being contested and set aside in Michigan, that the Legislature of that State is working to frame a law which will give a man the right to prove his will during his lifetime on giving notice to his heirs-at-law, and afterwards it shall be unassimilable. Some such a law seems to be needed.

The Louisville people are kicking about the proposed Mass Convention of the whole city and it is likely legislative district meetings will be held. That is the only fair way to appoint delegates. It would be just as well for four or five counties to hold a mass convention as for Louisville to do so.

The Louisville Commercial has just found out what we did several weeks ago, that the alleged Jacob boom in that city was gotten up in the interest of Knott. Yes, and you might have added against the interest of Judge Owsley, who is certain of 50 of the 70 votes of that city and county.

The Prohibitionists are in bad luck this season. The Iowa Supreme Court has declared the prohibiting amendment null and void.

THE Lexington Transcript says: Hon. Jo Blackburn is in the city, and has expressed himself on the Gubernatorial race to the effect that, in his judgment, Gen. Buckner will be the next Governor of Kentucky. Jo is a pretty smart fellow but he don't know everything. Gen. Williams is reported as saying that Jones is the strongest candidate for Governor and thus it goes. The signs point to Judge Owsley all the same, so far as we have been able to see them.

The new Post Master General does not propose to be led around by the nose by such men as Mahone and Chalmers. He has given the latter especially, to understand that leading republicans in Mississippi will have some say as to appointments in the future, as well as himself. This has put Chalmers in high dudgeon and he has called a mass meeting of his followers for July 4th to consider the treatment of the P. M. G.

CARTER county has no sheriff but if the Court of Appeals and Gov. Blackburn keep their hands off she has a Coroner that stands ready to do the work for Craft on the 25th of May.

MR. WATTERSON has paid no attention to the speech of Carter Harriar at the Iroquois Club. Perhaps he regards him as too small a potato to notice.

TO THE PUBLIC: The E. P. Johnson mentioned in the Courier-Journal of this date is not me. I am not that kind of a cigar maker by a good deal.

POLE.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Mayville is to have street cars,

—A new Postoffice at Terrell, Madison Co., Ky.

—Yesterday was the 64th anniversary of the order of Odd Fellows.

—Wright Banks was hanged at Dallas, Texas, Tuesday, for murder.

—The Logan county republicans have instructed for Col. A. M. Swope for Governor.

—The money order system will be extended to 33 additional post offices on July 1.

—Hon. W. W. Bush, of Simpson, has been nominated by the democrats of the Ninth district.

—Montgomery Vance, a foreman on the K. C. was drowned while attempting to swim Silver Creek.

—The spring meeting of the Kentucky Association commences at Lexington May 9 and ends May 17.

—Bowling Green, with a population of 5,000, has five weekly, one semi-weekly, and one daily paper.

—Henry D. McDaniel, the Democratic nominee, was elected Governor of Georgia, Tuesday, without opposition.

—Eliza Pinkston, of the Louisiana Returning Board Fraud notoriety, died Wednesday in jail at Canton, Miss.

—The cute little Lotta has retired from the stage, having lost her voice, and will go to Europe for medical treatment.

—The Massachusetts Legislature has appropriated \$265,000 to complete the Hoosac Tunnel and the track approaching it.

—J. T. Franks shot his partner, J. D. Clarke, at Williamson, Tuesday, because he accused him of stealing a check, and then made his escape.

—Ex-Senator Wm. Pitt Kellogg, indicted for corruptly receiving money in the Star-route cases, has been admitted to bail in the sum of \$10,000.

—The Louisville Commercial has to pay Mrs. Caldwell \$300 for saying she had named her twin Jesus Christ and George O. Barnes. Too much.

—The cyclone did dreadful work in Mississippi and Georgia. Hundreds of maimed people and dozens of dead ones have been taken from the ruins.

—Judge Buckner was sworn off the bench at Paris in the case of Redmon for killing Secret. Out of 150 men summoned five jurors were obtained.

—Capt. W. J. Stone has been unanimously nominated to represent Lyon county in the Legislature. Capt. Stone was a member of the House in 1873, the "Grange" Legislature.

—J. B. Staley, a son of Judge Staley, of Knoxville, killed himself at the residence of a young lady who refused to marry him. He had made two attempts to commit suicide on other occasions for the same cause.

—A democratic convention in Southampton county, Va., adopted resolutions that as the debt question was settled by a decision of the Supreme Court all differences between democrats on that subject should be at an end.

—Eight hundred miners are on strike at the Coalton Mine in Jackson county, Ohio. Twenty-five mines are closed, and the supply is cut off from that direction. The strike was caused by a reduction of twenty-five cents per day in wages.

—Jones, who murdered his young wife, will be hanged at Augusta, May 18. He has requested that his body be buried by the side of his murdered wife. He said: "I would rather be buried by her and go to hell than elsewhere and go to heaven."

—At San Francisco in the U. S. Circuit Court, in the case of the United States against Charles Ferguson charged with counterfeiting, Judge Hoffman decided that gilding a new five-cent nickel was counterfeiting, and the jury convicted the prisoner.

—The great bridge between Brooklyn and New York which is to be opened to the public May 24, was begun in 1867, and has cost about \$15,000,000. Its total length is 5,987 feet and it is estimated that it will bear a pressure of 98,387,120 lbs. The towers are 274 feet high.

—The civil service rules, as submitted by the Commissioners, are not fully approved by the President. They are regarded as much too complex, and will have to be simplified. They are rather vague and general in their character, and are not considered as sufficiently practical.

—New Orleans has been selected as the place for the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition. New York offered \$500,000, but New Orleans was recognized as the commercial center of the cotton States and was on that ground chosen.

—The most vicious strike that has been organized lately is the strike of the Texas cowboys for an increase of from \$20 to \$50 per month. The cowboys strike make business. They will not work themselves and they promise to murder anybody who take their places. Many of the ranchmen have asked for aid from the troops.

—Although the 5th of May was fixed by the powers that be, the democrats of Logan got in a hurry and instructed for Buckner for Governor. Allen for Lt. Governor, Jones for Attorney General, Corbett for Register, and Edgar for Sup't. Public Instruction. Washington county has also called for Governor, Knott; for Lt. Governor, Hindman first, Smith second; Attorney General, Hardin; Sup't. Public Instruction, Pickett first, Edgar second; Register, Grant first, Sheldon, second.

—The Cyclone which passed through Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi, was the most destructive ever known in the South. In Georgia, more than a 100 people were killed, and in Mississippi the two towns, Beauregard and Wesson were wiped out of existence. In the former thirty-six dwelling houses, three churches, twelve stores and a livery stable were totally destroyed. Twenty-six persons were killed outright and forty wounded. At Wesson eighteen houses were blown down, thirteen people killed and fifty wounded. Beauregard has not a single building standing and the path of the cyclone is marked by the ruins of houses.

—Collector Swope.

The Central Courier of April 20th, published at Nicholville, Ky., contains a "hotch-patch" of matter on Col. Swope, the Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue for this district. The whole point and its inspiration is a pitiful exhibit of bad party spirit in a scramble to out-Swope and boost somebody else for his place, that the crumbs from the "master's table" may fall to the scramblers.

In a nut shell, the scribbling of the scramblers is, that Swope did something bad and "I didn't," dashed with the usual intendo and implication, which seeks to prejudice his case with the President, for the benefit of another fellow whose innocent bosom is bared to the lightning's stroke.

A very serious face is assayed to be put upon nothing, because they are the acts of Col. Swope. Questionings arise and implications are cast for a purpose, but for which purpose, Col. Swope would be all right, in all he has done and said, and stand as fair as an honorable and efficient government officer, with the republican scramblers, as he does with the anti-scramblers of the republican party and with gentlemen of the democratic party.

The scramblers button up their coats with an air of "injured innocence" and say: "He did, but I didn't, and if anybody says he didn't and I did, you're another; therefore, nevertheless, notwithstanding, Mr. Yantis does not represent the McCormack harvesting machinery, but the Champion. We would make the correction for his own protection, as the machine men are getting to be both numerous and rambunctious in this part of the Lord's moral vineyard."

The republicans of this country, last Monday, in their Convention instructed for Judge Morrow, of Somerset, for their candidate for Governor. They could not have instructed for a better man, nor one who more fully enjoys the confidence of his many friends in both political parties.

There is no man in the republican party whom we had rather see Governor than Judge Morrow.

—GOLDEN WEDDING—On Wednesday, the 25th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Yantis, celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding day, or their "golden wedding." On the 25th day of April 1833, Mr. J. H. Yantis was married to Miss Margaret A. Stewart, at Danville. To this couple were born 12 children, who are now living, viz. W. A. Yantis, of this place, Mrs. M. D. Daniel, of Cincinnati; Dr. Robt. H. Yantis, Fleming county; Mrs. T. C. Yantis, Mrs. Nannie B. Jennings, Mrs. Jennie Martin, S. S. Yantis, Jas. L. Yantis, Mrs. Carrie Davidson, Misses Hattie and Nettie Yantis, all of this town and county. All of the children were present at the reunion, also two sisters of Mrs. Yantis, Mrs. John Sneed, of Missouri, and Mrs. N. D. Price, of this country. There were also a great many of their grandchildren and near friends present. The presents consisting of articles of gold, were numerous and valuable. Mr. Yantis is 76 years old. He was at one time a popular dry goods merchant of this place. He has also been sheriff of the county, and is now a Magistrate. His wife is 66 years old. Very few men have the good fortune of living to celebrate their golden wedding with the wife of their youth. Mr. and Mrs. Yantis have the best wishes of their many friends in this community for their continued prosperity and longer life.

—Paint Lick.

—Mrs. R. H. Batson received a telegram Tuesday morning, stating that her mother who has been an invalid for a number of years was rapidly growing worse.

—Mr. A. B. Ely had fires built in his peach orchard Tuesday night to drive Jack Frost away. He has a very excellent peach that he calls "Nonesuch" that ripens by the 10th of June. It is a plumb peach and grows very large. He says that he has been offered \$20 for the privilege of budding from it this year.

—Maj. Rigney and C. S. Campbell, candidates, the former for the Senate and the latter for matrimony, were here Tuesday urging their claims. J. B. Owens and Louis Withers, were here also, spreading themselves in behalf of their harvesting machines. The Business Manager of the INTERIOR JOURNAL dropped in to see us Tuesday.

—Bill Arnold, a gentleman of color, got too much bug-juice aboard and created considerable excitement Wednesday evening. He marched through town a time or two yelling at the top of his voice, and finally came across another negro boy and began to pull him about, and talking pretty loud. The boy began to yell for his pa. About that time Mr. Willis Adams came out and told Bill to let the boy loose. Bill began to talk pretty impudent and started towards Adams, who picked up a rock and hit him. He then turned and took hold of the boy again. By that time Monroe Wallace, the boy's father came up, knocked Bill down, jumped on him and was choking him when the boy got hold of a plank 4 or 5 feet long and asked, "Must I hit him?" Some one in the crowd answered, "Yes, kill him." The boy then hit him several times with the plank. Bill went to the blacksmith shop and got a double barreled shotgun and started towards the store of Willis Adams, cursing

—Collector Swope.

—Col. Swope was down there last summer and left a small sum of money for campaign purposes. He ignored the county committee, part of whom, according to his own statements, were dismissed revenue officers and other disappointed office-seekers and personal enemies. They, to come back at Swope, wrote to the President on Sep. 4, 1882, that Swope tried to buy them to endorse him for continuance in office. Some of these men wrote to Swope about the same time in answer to a letter from him, saying that he was not guilty of any such conduct. The candidate who got the money did this, and yet he used Swope's money, then made the charge and asked for his removal. This looks bad. These same men had a convention last Monday and endorsed what they had said last summer. In other words it seems they indored themselves. This is not our fight and while we like to see it going on, must say that Col. Swope is a good officer and this proceeding looks like a conspiracy and plot to effect his removal from office. This method of attack will rather help than injure him.—[Transcript of April 22.]

—There seems to be a deep-laid and far-reaching plot in Jessamine county to destroy the influence of Col. A. M. Swope and thereby rob him of his office. We have no interest in the fight whatever beyond a desire to have it terminated in the entire disruption of the party in that congressional district. The whole scheme seems to be the outcropping of malice engendered by an overreaching desire for place and power.

—How rational men can make public the corruption evidenced by the statements made in the several letters published and not expect it to bring about their own confusion, is a mystery.—[Observer, April 22.]

In Memory.

NELLIE, daughter of G. S. and Dolly Brown, died Saturday, April 21st, between 11 and 12 o'clock, P. M., aged four years. She was a lovely child, the pride of the family and beloved by all who knew her. During her sickness, which lasted but two weeks, she was very thoughtful, considerate and submissive, possessing manners more like a person of age than a child. At the first of her sickness she told her father she would never get well, and when asked what would become of her, replied, "God will take care of me." The parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

—She was taken to Lancaster for interment to-day.

—Dying Nellie how we miss thee,

Thy spirit from this clime has down

To be with God and Angels in Heaven

Where sickness and sorrow is never known.

Parents dry thine eyes of sadness,

Yet we know she was thy love

With thy darling, she is dying

Around the Throne of God above. J. W. B.

Pittsburg, Ky., April 23.

—The white men that interfered with him. Adams saw him coming and stepped behind the counter and got his gun and was waiting for him to get near enough. There were several pistols drawn also. Mr. Ike Arnold ran up and took the gun from Adams, and if he had been two seconds later there would have been a dead negro.

Buckner's Africa Safe.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warmed to speedily. Burns, Blisters, Cuts, Ulcers, Sulfur, Rheum, Fever, Convulsions, &c.

Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for piles, 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

—A Life Saving Present.

Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple Trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle, that completely cured him, when Doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial bottle free, large size \$1 at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store.

—LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST.

LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - April 27, 1883

I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail Train, Daily.
Passes Stanford going North..... 1 15 P. M.
" " " South..... 2 00 P. M.

Accommodation, Daily except Sunday.

Leaves Stanford going North..... 6 25 A. M.
" " " South..... 8 25 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

FISHING Tackle at McRoberts & Stagg's.
NICE stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAlister's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg's.

ALL the colors of Diamond Dyes at McRoberts & Stagg's.

JOS. HAAS Hog Cholera Cure. Penny & McAlister sole agents.

LANDRETH's Garden Seeds, in bulk and in papers, at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES BARNES, of Paint Lick, was here yesterday.

OUR Lancaster editor, R. R. West, took in the circus yesterday.

MR. ASHIER OWLES is still confined to his room with the bronchitis.

MRS. LUCY MARTIN, of Paint Lick, is the guest of her uncle, J. J. Moberly.

MR. J. C. FRENCH, representing H. E. Buckler & Co., Chicago, was here.

MRS. L. H. RAMSEY and her little Eddie Walton went to Lexington Wednesday.

MRS. JOHN S. OWSLEY and daughter, Miss Mary, returned from Louisville last night.

WARREN SLAVEN has been acting as Depot Agent here in the absence of the regular agent.

MESSRS. A. B. ELKIN and John Robinson, of the Eureka Printing office, Louisville, arrived last night.

DR. O. H. MCROBERTS, of Liberty, came away up to the show. Dr. Hawkins Brown, of Hustonville, was too sick to come.

MISS ELIZABETH NEVINS writes from Texas to her son here that her daughter, Mrs. G. A. DeWall, is greatly improved and is now out of danger.

MR. J. P. CAMPBELL, brother of Seph, has returned to his first love, the newspaper business, and is now editing the *Times*, of Clay Center, Kansas; an excellent paper, by the way.

DR. THOMAS BAILEY, of Cook county, Texas, is on a visit to his brothers, W. C. J. and J. W. Bailey, after an absence of 28 years. He hardly recognizes Stanford and is almost lost even in his old stamping ground.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FLORIDA ORANGES at H. C. Bright's.

NEW styles in fine fur Hats at Robt. S. Little's.

WANTED.—COUNTRY Bacon, especially shoulders. H. C. Bright.

FRESH cabbage and tomato plants always on hand at W. T. Green's.

STANFORD has only one dude, but that's sufficient. No others need apply.

THAT'S a peculiar looking shed which is being built to the Lytle store building.

FOR SALE.—A handsome residence. Will sell very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

S. S. MYERS desires to call attention to his new brand of roasted coffee and Gold Rio, green.

J. W. HAYDEN has received a nice new lot of Spring Clothing. Hadn't you better go and get a bargain of him?

CALL and examine my stock of Furniture, &c.; it is now full and complete, and prices are lower than ever. B. K. Wearen.

THE Soda Water Fountains began to size yesterday, but the weather was most too bleak to make it a very profitable business.

LUMBER.—I have a lot of plank for fencing and building purposes that I will exchange for stock or forage. E. B. Haydon, Stanford.

THE same young lawyer that did that serenading the other night came near being the victim of a "confidence man" at the show yesterday.

NEW lot of frames and picture frame and cornice moldings, and full line of furniture at K. W. Keen's. Prices low, call and see for yourselves.

THE ACCOMMODATION train is the most popular on the road. It makes a little over four hours, whereas the mail train takes five hours and thirty-five minutes.

THE people of the Gilberts Creek neighborhood are going largely to the tobacco business this season. A young man from Pendleton, Mr. Stephenson, is to give them lessons in the art of raising the White Burley.

Quite a frost fell Tuesday night and some ice formed, but from what we can learn but little damage was done to the fruit buds. Last year on the 23d of May there was a sufficient frost to kill the beans and other tender vegetables.

THE man who is too stingy to take his county paper but depends upon borrowing his neighbor's, is not an honest man at heart, though he may never be caught in a thievish act. Borrowers are nuisances, the more so since they can not be legally prosecuted against.

THE Mr. James Bibb, who was shot on the Owensboro and Nashville R. R., a notice of which appeared in our last issue, turns out to be a son of Col. E. F. Bibb, of this county, whose troubles come far from singly. Mr. Bibb was endeavoring to quell a riot when he was shot.

MR. E. ZIMMERMAN writes to Col. Rochester that the D-ville committee have sent in their proposition for the road to Nashville and that Capt. Lum, of the K. C. R. R., will go at once to examine the line. Lincoln seems to be lying flat of her back and doing nothing to secure the road.

ROBT. S. LITTLE has received a very fine line of Ladie's Shoes.

IF YOU want the best super two-ply wool carpets go to J. W. Hayden's.

THE finest Gunpowder Tea, cheaper than anywhere, at S. S. Myers'.

MRS. LUCINDA YOCUM, aged 83, died near McKinney, a few days ago.

REMEMBER we still sell a good N. O. sugar 12 pounds for \$1. H. C. Bright.

WE ARE the only firm at Stanford selling the Ziegler Bros.' Shoes. Shanks & Hockers.

I HAVE a good, gentle milk cow and a yearling steer for sale. R. E. Barrow.

TRY the "Gilt Edge" flour; first premium at Cincinnati Exposition. Sold only by H. C. Bright.

I HAVE opened a shoe shop at my stable, where repairing of all kinds will be done. A. T. Nunnelley.

IF you want to buy Dry Goods, Carpets, Hats or Shoes, do not fail to call at Robt. S. Little's and see his stock.

A GREAT many old colored people have died here this spring. Harrison McDaniel, aged 80, is the last to go.

ALL the new shades in all wool goods and in cheaper goods, with trimmings to match, can be found at J. W. Hayden's.

CORN planting has been greatly retarded by the wet, cold weather. A few farmers however, are through, while others have not begun.

THE plank walk in the East end of town is in a wretched condition and is destined to break somebody's limbs. The Council ought either to have it repaired or taken away entirely.

THE horse thief, W. T. Mitchell, was bailed out of jail yesterday by E. W. Hall, of Henry, who took him to Shelby to be tried for an attempt at rape. We understand that he will plead guilty to the charge.

A VERY big lot of confidence men, pickpockets and other disreputable characters go with the Anglo-American Circus whom it should repudiate if it is not in collusion with them. The public is warned against the rascals.

THROUGH mail pouches are now carried from Lebanon to Louisville on the accommodation and we would like to know why Stanfield should not enjoy the same facilities of two mails per day. Let us have it by all means.

THE best behaved crowd that ever attended a circus here gathered yesterday. There was little or no disturbance. Only one man was arrested during the day and he was too drunk to tell his name. He is in jail with the charge of carrying concealed weapons against his name.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CIRCUS, which exhibited here yesterday to a good crowd, was in many respects, the best show we have seen in Stanford for many a day. The trapeze act of the two little children, the bareback riding, the tumbling and various other features could not be excelled.

AT the second day of Woodard & Brasfield's combination sale of horses 106 head brought \$36,540, an average of \$326 per head. Two days' sales aggregated 198 head, an average of \$378 per head.

—SPEAKS from different parts of Ohio and Indiana regarding the damage from the frost are to the effect that the wheat was not injured and but little of the fruit. Early peach and pear trees were partially in bloom and were damaged, and the strawberry vines were injured.

—WANTED.—A careful tenant to take care of a nice country home balance of the year. House and yard, garden and cow pasture. Price, \$45. M. L. Bourne, Stanford, Ky.

—AT the second day of Woodard & Brasfield's combination sale of horses 106 head brought \$36,540, an average of \$326 per head. Two days' sales aggregated 198 head, an average of \$378 per head.

—SPEAKS from different parts of Ohio and Indiana regarding the damage from the frost are to the effect that the wheat was not injured and but little of the fruit. Early peach and pear trees were partially in bloom and were damaged, and the strawberry vines were injured.

—WANTED.—A careful tenant to take care of a nice country home balance of the year. House and yard, garden and cow pasture. Price, \$45. M. L. Bourne, Stanford, Ky.

—AT the second day of Woodard & Brasfield's combination sale of horses 106 head brought \$36,540, an average of \$326 per head. Two days' sales aggregated 198 head, an average of \$378 per head.

—A new coal company has been organized here to be known as the Happy Hollow Coal Co. Their mines will be located at Happy Hollow in this county, on the Southern road, and it is said to be the best on the road.

—THE marriage of W. C. Owens and Miss Nettie Hicks took place in the Presbyterian church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Williams, a little after 9 o'clock, after which the couple left for Mr. Owens' home, ten miles East of town.

—THE storm which passed over portions of this county last Sunday demolished a Catholic church at Commercial Summit, on the Southern Railway. The track of the storm through the forest was made with such terrific force that the trees were blown flat to the earth as if no more than grass.

—THE second jury in the case of Frank Johnson and John Cowan, the negroes charged with chicken stealing, decided Johnson was guilty and should serve the State two years, and acquitted Cowan. The case of Bates & Miller vs. Nave occupied the Court Tuesday, and resulted in a verdict for defendant. The trial of Buck Merritt, a young man charged with the murder of Robinson, was commenced Wednesday morning.

—AS the testimony developed, the case against Merritt for the murder of Robinson is a very bad one. All the witnesses agree that he walked up behind his victim (who was drowsy and staggering from intoxication) and shot him, without any cause or provocation, except that he said that Robinson had told a lie on him. But he had no words or quarrel with Robinson and pretended to be friendly at the time of the killing. Merritt is about nineteen years old.

—A babe of Bud Bowyer was horribly and probably fatally burned last Monday. Bowyer is a young married man and lives in the Juggernaut district in this county and the babe is his only child and about nine months old. Its mother had tied it in a chair, which was left near a fire-place, and left the room for a few moments. When she returned she found her child lying with its face in the fire place on coals of fire. It was taken up alive, but its eyes were burned out, its tongue burned to a crisp and the flesh from its right cheek was burned off, leaving the bone bare. Dr. Allen was called to see the little sufferer and did what he could to relieve it, but thought it could not live long.

—MR. EDWARD POWERS, of Frankfort, who fell from the roof of the Catholic church last week and broke his arm and sustained other injuries, recovered sufficiently to leave for his home on Wednesday.

—MR. J. W. JORDON, of Americus, Ga., who has been here buying a lot of horses, will sell in a day or two ship them to his home. He paid from \$75 to \$150 each for those he purchased.

—BEN & HARLAN bought on Monday at Woodward & Brasfield's sale at Lexington, two Egbert colts, paying for one of them \$360 for the other \$310. D. N. Hearn, on Tuesday, bought of W. B. Bradford, a good harness mare for \$175.

—JUDGE M. H. OWLES was in town Wednesday; he had just returned from Fulton, Graves, Ballard and Hickman counties. He spoke at Mayfield, has Wednesday, and thinks his prospects every where are daily brightening. He left on the 2 o'clock train for Nicholas and Flemingsburg.

—A FELLOW with the circus roped in the unwary yesterday and gouged them of many a ducat. His trick was as follows: He had three little cups and under one of them he would place a ball, taking care to let you see him do it. Then he would offer to sell a worthless collar button for \$5 and give the buyer the privilege of guessing which cup the ball was under. If he guessed right he got \$10. But not a single one of his large number of patrons guessed the right one, he took great care to see. It is human nature to want to get something for nothing but in the words of the Psalmist, "It is a fool that bets against another man's trick."

—WHERE'S MY MONEY?—MR. FAULKNER HOLMES claims to have been swindled out of \$500 yesterday in this wise: He met an old gray headed man on the street who introduced himself to him as a gentleman from Bowling Green who was up here in search of a farm for his son. Mr. Holmes had two or three for sale and began to expatiate on their excellencies, when after talking awhile the old gentleman said that he wanted to go down to the famous ground and see the wonderful Kentucky horses that was on exhibition and asked Mr. Holmes to accompany him. They went and in a short time Mr. Holmes claims that he found himself in a little tent where a lottery game was going on. The old man bought tickets and was winning so rapidly that Mr. H. became interested and wanted to try his hand. They told him that as this is a free country any man could buy who had the money. He did not have it with him but remarked that if they would wait five minutes he would go to the bank and draw some. He returned with \$500 and in less time than it takes to tell it all, as a matter of course, Mr. Holmes was owing around last night and trying to have the whole show arrested, but as he could identify none of the parties who fleeced him, no warrant could be obtained. He is a mighty old man and has read the papers to very little purpose to get roped in by such a guazy device.

MARRIAGES.

—ON the 26th, Mr. Alfred Baugh and Miss Louise, daughter of Ephraim Padgett, were united in marriage.

—JOHN D. WHITE is a Benedict at last. He was married Tuesday in Massachusetts, to Miss Alice M. Harris, daughter of an ex-Congressman. It's a pity he had to go so far for a wife, but we suppose he couldn't get one good enough for him in the Tenth District.

RELIGIOUS.

—ELD. J. G. LIVINGSTON will preach at Ginn Sulphur next Sunday at 11 A. M.

—REV. JAMES COLEMAN has accepted the call to preach for the Baptist church at McKinney.

—THE Presbyterian ministers have decided the protest of their Methodist brethren against Dramatic Festival at Cincinnati.

—SAVANNAH'S name, given throughout the New Testament, is found by Henry Plant to be "Jesus Christ" or "Christ Jesus" 150 times; "Lord Jesus Christ," 114 times; "Lord" (more than), 75 times; "Christ" 220 times, and "Jesus" 619 times.

—AT the second annual Convention of the Ministers' Temperance Association of Kentucky in session in Louisville, General Green Clay Smith, pastor of the Baptist church in that city, was elected to preside over the Convention. In accepting the position, he said he wanted no compromise on the whisky question, but absolute prohibition. No business was transacted beyond perfecting the organization. The Convention will probably remain in session several days.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—THE proprietors of the Lincoln Mills want to buy wheat.

—W. M. HIGGINS bought of Talbot Martin 12 100-lb. hogs at 62.

—GEORGE D. WEAREN has purchased 2,000 lbs. wool at 20 to 25 cents.

—D. N. PREWITT bought of J. E. FARRIS 64 ewes for \$40, lambs thrown in.

—R. B. & E. P. WOODS bought of David SPOONAMORE a lot of stock hogs at 6¢.

—A nice three-quarter Alderney cow with young calf, for sale. W. T. GREEN, STANFORD, KY.

—AT a sale in Madison hogs brought 7½ per lb.; three-year-old cattle \$51.60 and 2-year-old \$35.75.

—IN NEW YORK yesterday cattle sold at \$6.30 to \$6.75 per cwt., live weight; bulk of sales \$6.72 to \$7.14.

—WE HAVE still some of Col. BOWMAN'S premium corn, which we will give to those of our patrons who wish to improve their variety.

—THERE were 300 cattle on the Winchester market Monday. Cows sold at \$25 to \$35; 53 head \$50 pound cattle brought \$43.35 and 60 head scrub \$25.

—A COW in Mercer county, Ky., with a young calf, gives enough milk to satisfy eight other young calves besides her own, and two buckets of milk every day.

</

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - April 27, 1883

IRELAND, 1847.

ONE OF THE LATE DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY'S PATRIOTIC POEMS.

God of Justice! God of power!

Do we dream? Can it be,

In this land, in this hour,

With the bloom on the tree,

In the gladsome month of May,

When the young lamb play,

When the nature looks around,

On her waking children now,

The red rose on the ground,

The leaf upon the bough?

It is right, it is fair,

That we perish of despair

In this land, on this hour,

Where our destiny is set,

Which we cultured with our toil

And watered with our sweat?

We have plowed, we have sown,

But the crop was not our own;

We have reaped, but hardy hands

Swept the harvest from our lands

We were perishing for food,

When lo! in pitying mood

Our kindly rulers gave

The fat fluid of the slave,

While our corn filled the manger

Of the war-horse of the stranger.

God of mercy! must this last?

Is this land predestined,

For the present, and the past,

And the future, to be chanted—

To be ravaged, to be drained,

To be robbed, to be spolied,

To be humbled, to be whip,

Its roaring phionix clift,

And its every effort foiled?

But our numbers multiply

But to perish and to die?

Is this all our destiny below?

That our bodies as they rot

May fertilize the spot

Where the harvests of the strangers grow?

If this be indeed our fate,

Far, far better, though late,

That we seek some other land and try some other

zone;

The coldest, bleakest shore

Will surely yield us more

Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not

call our own.

OUR MILEY.

Way down upon de Suwanee river,
Far, far away;

Dar's whar my heart is turnin' eber,

Dar's whar de ole folks stay.

Clear as a bird song the voice floated

in through the open, vine-shaded window,

where sat Edith Morgan and her

aunt, Mrs. Hayward, who had just come

from Massachusetts to visit at this com-

fortable Western home.

"Why, Edith!" exclaimed the elder of

the two ladies, "have you a little ne-

gro here? I thought old Hannah was

was all you took West."

Edith flushed slightly, but smiled,

saying: "No, auntie; your critical ears

deceived you this time. That was Our

Miley."

"Indeed! A voice like that in a white

child is worthy of cultivation. Does

she sing any other songs with equal pha-

thos?"

"I must confess, auntie," replied

Edith, "that her music is mostly con-

fined to negro melodies, which she has

learned from Hannah, but she sings

them all with great fervor. Really,

auntie, I hardly know what to do with

Miley. I have hoped your coming might

help me out of the quandary. Since

mamma's death she has been under

no control at all. Papa thinks whatever

she does is just right, and so, of course,

permits her to follow her own inclina-

tions."

Here the conversation was interrupted

by the entrance of Miley herself. She

did not look at all like a "Tom boy,"

for she was a sweet-faced, demure little

maiden.

"Miley," said her sister, "Aunt Hay-

ward thought you were a little darky

when she heard you sing."

An irresistible smile broke over the pretty face, and the red lips parted, revealing two rows of pearly teeth. She held out two little sunburned hands, saying: "Not quite

so bad as that, auntie, though I am

tanned 'most black enough, Edith says,

and my head is most woolly enough."

And she shook back her tangled curls.

How would you like to go back to

Boston with me and take lessons in sing-

ing?" asked Mrs. Hayward. Miley

opened her eyes with wide astonish-

ment.

"Why, auntie, I don't need to learn

to sing. I always knew how. I thought

you heard me."

"You see how she is," said Edith,

"when she makes up her mind to any-

thing there is no changing her. She

never storms or acts haughty, like other

children, but she will say, with the air

of a sage: 'No, Edith, I must! I ought

to!' and there she will stay. Papa says

she is made of the same metal as heroes

and martyrs, and I don't know but he is

right."

Mrs. Hayward remained in her broth-

er's home from early June until August,

and every day Miley grew more and more

into her heart, till the childless woman

felt that she must have the little West-

ern flower to brighten her city home,

But Miley was firm in her refusal.

"I cannot leave papa!" she would

say. "He has the first claim on me."

One day in the summer she had gone

some distance from home to pick berries,

when there arose one of those ter-

rible storms so common in some parts

of the West; lightning and rain, accom-

panied by a furious wind. While the

family were in great distress over Miley's

absence, she came galloping home on a pet cow. When questioned, she

answered:

"I heard Brindle's bell just before

the storm came on, and I knew the cows

were all going down to the fork to drink,

and their path leads right through the

berry patch. So I waited a minute or

two, till they came filing along, and then

jumped right on Brindle's back. I knew

by the clouds that we were going to

have a blow, and I thought she was so

big the wind couldn't carry her off, and

I meant to hug her tight and lie low."

I wouldn't blow away. And you see I succeeded. My berries are all right, though," she added, gayly. "I hid them in an old hollow cottonwood tree, and I'll go and get them after the storm is over."

"Were you not frightened?" asked Edith, as she helped Miley change the drenched clothing.

"Yes, Edie, I was," she answered, soberly, "and I prayed a little prayer; but I didn't forget to cling tight."

At length the time came for the Boston aunt to go home. It was arranged that Edith should accompany her father, as he drove with his sister the thirty miles to the city, where she was to take the eastern-bound train. They were to remain a day in town for the purpose of shopping, returning on the third. As Mr. Morgan kissed his pet daughter good-by, he said playfully: "Now, Pussy, you must take good care of things while I am gone."

"I will, papa," was the earnest reply. "I dislike to go away," continued her father. "Everything is very dry and there have been fires west of us; but Patriotic and Hannah are faithful and you are worth a half dozen any day."

"Don't worry, papa, dear," said Miley, gayly. "Just go and have a good time. We shall be all right."

The morning of the third day was clear and pleasant. A breeze from the opposite direction during the night had blown away the smoke, and with it went the fear from the heart of the poor old black woman. Pat, too, was in good spirits, though in his way, he had been as lugubrious as Hannah. So they all went to work with a good will. Pat was reshipping a barn; Hannah was baking; and Miss Edith should come; and Miley was acting as little maid of all work to the sole cook. She washed dishes, buttered pie plates and cake-tins, occasionally leaving her work to dart into the sitting room, to assure herself that everything was in order for the home-coming of her loved ones.

Going to ride up in de chariot
Sister in de mornin'

she sang. But bark! What was that? A cry of terror or distress. She flew to the door, followed by Hannah. They saw Patrick crawling toward the house on his hands and knees.

"The prairie was indeed on fire, though at some distance, Pat, from his end on the barn, had spied it, and is to get down and give the alarm, had slipped on the ladder and fallen to the ground, severely spraining his ankle.

"You must burn a sthreak, Miss Miley, and just as quick as ever ye can, for the fire is a comin' like an express train."

Miley understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this yere fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Miley did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The frightened

she understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this yere fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Miley did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The frightened

she understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this yere fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Miley did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The frightened

she understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this yere fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Miley did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The frightened

she understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this yere fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Miley did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The frightened

she understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this yere fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Miley did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The frightened

she understood—she had often heard of it—and already, the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out fornust you wire fence. I'll draw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye to shrinkle the ground this